

TREASURE ROOM

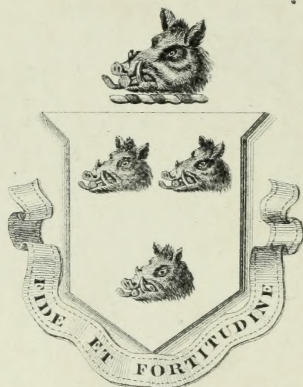
Accessions

153.163

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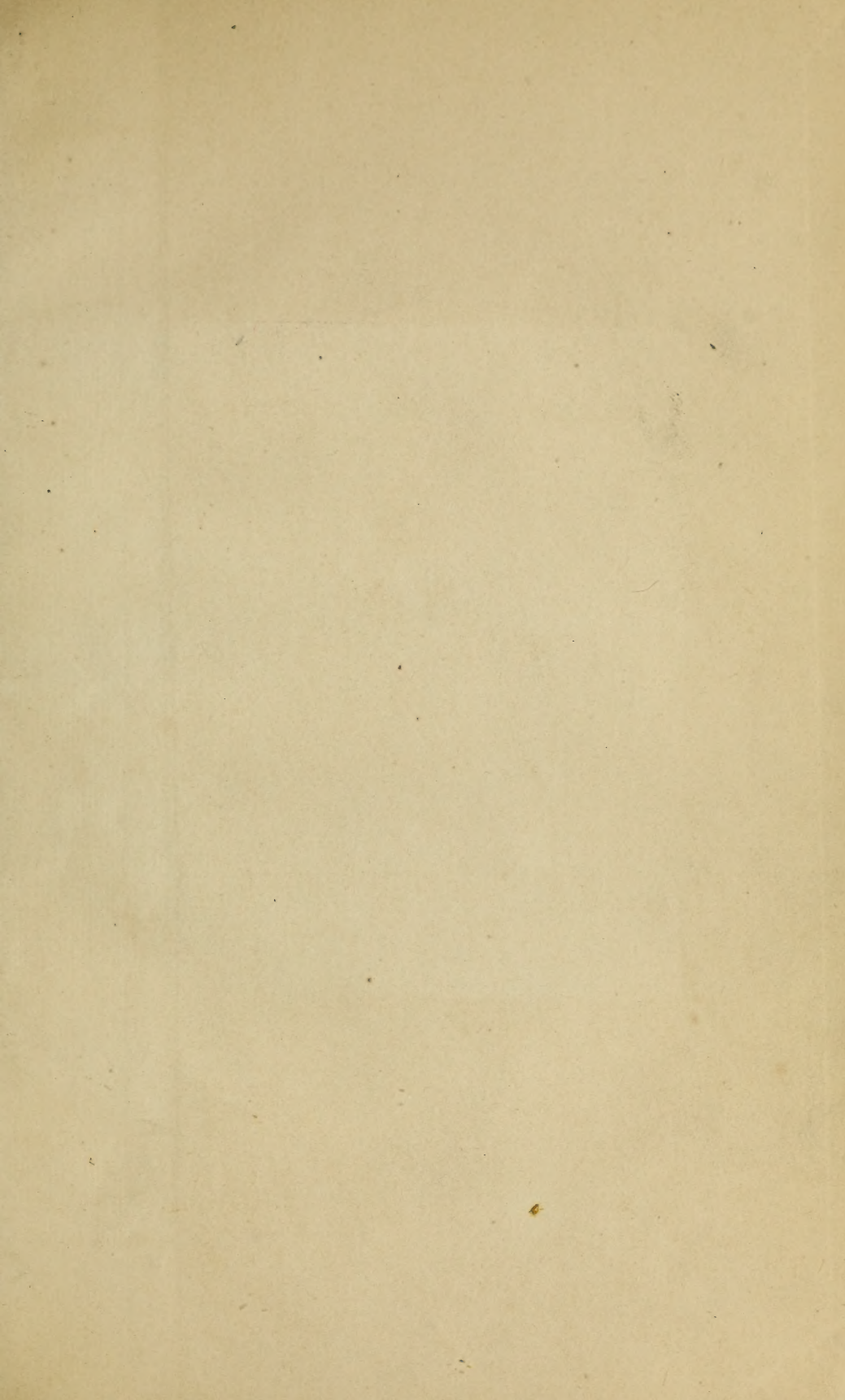
*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

**Boston Public Library.**

*Received, May, 1873.*

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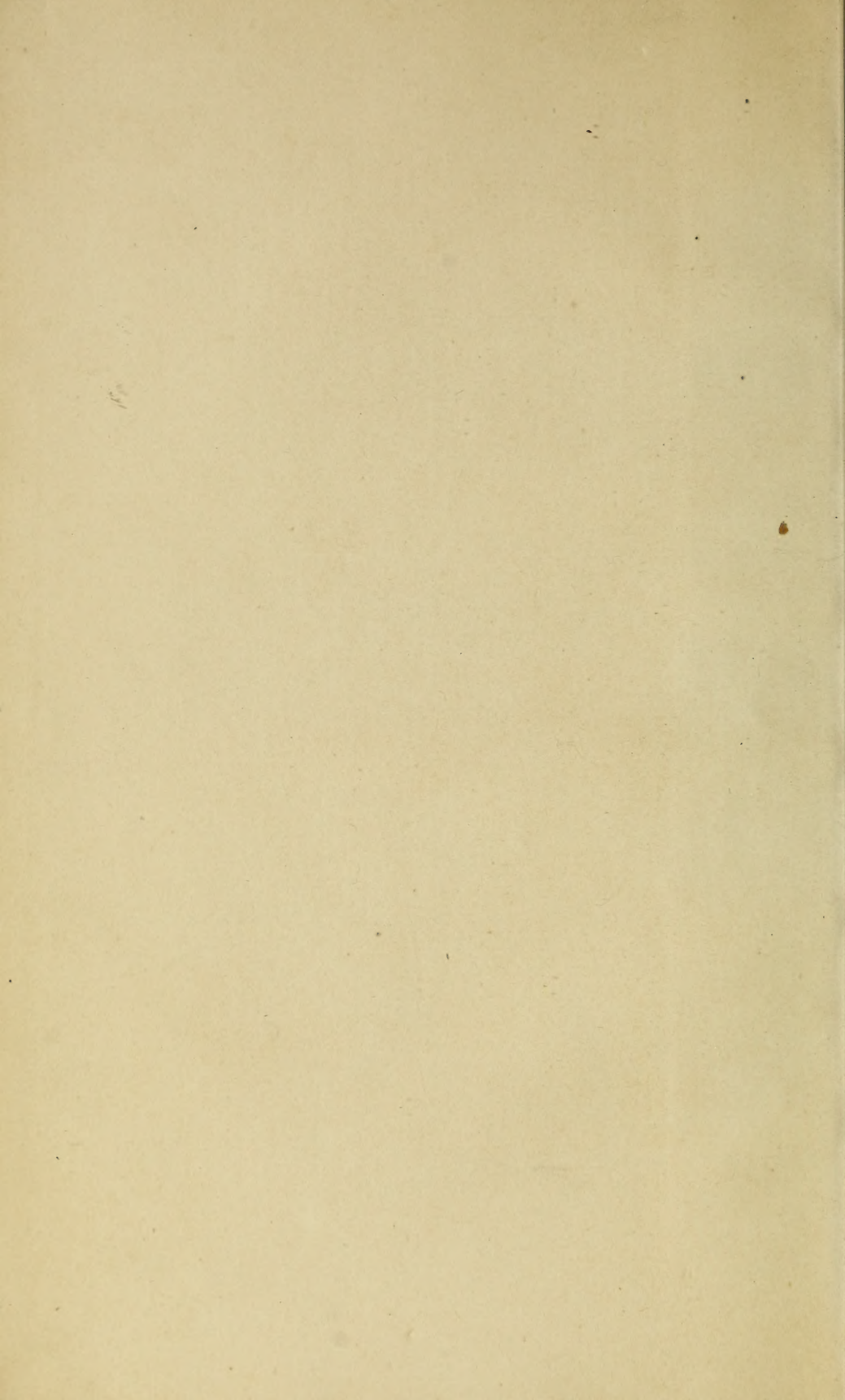





















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## Note.

<sup>20</sup>This piece was written by David Garrick.  
Murphy, in his Life of Garrick vol. 1. p. 347  
says— "At Christmas the Holiday folks  
were entertained with a pantomime, under  
the title of Harlequin's Invasion; that is, his  
invasion of St Magnus, and the territory of  
Shakespeare. Contrary to custom, the several  
personages have the use of their tongues.  
The dialogue was written by Garrick, and  
the plot and machinery were of his  
invention. Mr. Linn had the mortification  
of being told, that Harlequin and his  
fantastic train, were conquered in the  
end, and Shakespeare triumphed over  
the Smithfield group" — (produced Dec. 31. 1759)

Conest, Some Account of the  
English Stage, vol. 4. p. 380, after quoting  
Murphy, says— The bill for March 2,  
1741, at Goodman's Fields, makes it quite  
clear from whence Garrick borrowed the  
foundation (at least of Harlequin's Invasion.  
— as he was intimate with Cifford, he  
no doubt frequented his theatre. Harlequin's  
Invasion was successful— it has been  
frequently revived— Garrick very properly

did not print the dialogue — Miss Pope  
acted Doty Snip admirably.

See Shakespeare versus Harlequin D.L.  
April 8, 1820.?

The Shakespeare versus  
Harlequin, mentioned above, is, in substance,  
the same piece as Harlequin's Invasion.  
It was printed in the year of its  
performance.

J. P. B.



# HARLEQUIN'S Invasion

with

405

Transparency's &c.

153,163

May 1873





Post 1<sup>st</sup> Q.



Act 1<sup>st</sup>

Scene 1<sup>st</sup> Charing Cross. (2<sup>d</sup> Grove)

Enter Boog. Taffy. Forge with a Paper Crib &c hurraing

Forge.

Here, here it is! Hurza Boys - here it is, my Jolly  
Hearts! - this will be the making of us all, Hurza!

Taffy.

Vat you got neiper Forge?

(2)  
{ Bounce  
a Stick

Forge.

Damn me if I know what it is; but it will be the  
making of us all! Here, read it, read it Taffy, (3)  
It will be the making of us all!

{ Gasconade

Taffy.

I will put on my best Eyes. Neiper Forge, and do your  
likings.

Boog.

Hold your hand my dear, for tho' you read it very  
well, I don't understand a word you say. (4)

Taffy.

Read it yourself.

{ Mercury  
followers  
& Chorus.

Boog.

Faith I can't Honey, I write very well; but I forgot  
my Reading long ago { Enter Bounce Pd

Bounce.

Where is it? where is it? Zounds! let me see it,

Taffy.

Here it is, Neignor Bounce, the Corporal.

Bounce

What do you give it me for? You know I can't Read, I can swear, I can fight, I can drink, I can Wench. I can. —

Taffy.

You can Teeve and Steal too.

Bounce.

Zounds I can do any thing but Read; and as for that why I am a Soldier, and above it.

Taffy.

'Tis above you, you mean, foolish Man.

Enter Gasconade OP.

Gascon.

Pourquoy faites vous tant de bruit - Vat is all dis Noise?

Bounce.

For my pleasure: I love Noise, and hate the French, And my Name is Barnaby Bounce

Gascon:

Your Name is Barnaby Villaine, Poltoon; and Begar. if you are not a little more Poli. Je vous Donnerai le Coup de pied! I vil kick a you behind



Bounce

Well, well; I believe you dare fight; So I won't quarrel  
with you, Here's my Hand, I'm your Friend.

Gascon.

De tout Mon Cœur! Look you, Sir. I dare Fight de  
Devil. but I had much rather be friend with de  
Devil, So Sir; I am your tres humble Serviteur.  
Mais allons. Vot Papier is dat?

Bounce.

Give it me - Give it me - Here you dismal (to Crib)  
You can Read I know; He's a special Scholar.  
He was formerly a Parish Clerk, and was turn'd  
out of his Office, for robbing the Pools Box.

Crib.

And so I was indeed x — Sound & Shout

Bounce.

Stand clear! Stand clear! Here comes the Herald  
Himself. Hurra.

All.

Hurra! Hurra — Flourish

(5)  
{ Snip.  
Mr. Snip  
Measures  
& Shears

Enter 2 Heralds Staves. ps

2 Trumpets  
Drum & Fife  
Mercury

2 Heralds. Staves.  
All the Chorus.



Roar Trumpet, Squeak Tife, blow Horn & beat Drum.  
 To Dramatica's Realm, from Apollo I come. (Flourish)

Whereas it is fear'd a French trick may be play'd ye  
 Be it known Mons.<sup>r</sup> Harlequin, means to invade ye.

And hither transporting his Legions, He floats  
 On an Ocean of Canvass in Flat bottom Boats:  
 With Fairies, Hags, Genii, Hobgoblins all shocking  
 And many a Devil in flame colour'd Stocking  
 Let the light Troops of Comedy March to attack him,  
 And Tragedy whet all her Daggers to Hack Him.  
 Let all hands, and hearts, do their utmost Indevour;  
 Sound Trumpet, beat Drum, King Shakespear forever.

Air.

(Flourish & Shout.)

To Arms you brave Mortals to Arms.  
 The Road to Renown is before you  
 The Name of King Shakespear has Charms.  
 To rouse you to Actions of Glory.

2

Away, ye brave Mortals away,  
 'Tis nature calls on you to save her,  
 What Man, but wou'd nature obey  
 And Fight for her Shakespear for ever.

Shout Flourish & Exeunt OP

Bor. B. 2  
 and  
 W.<sup>s</sup> Bell )

Scene 2<sup>d</sup>

Plain Chamber.

7  
Enter Joe, Snip & Wife pushing him on P.S.  
Wife.

Get along you cowardly Rascal, and make your Fortune at once. Follow 'em, follow 'em, don't you hear the Trumpet?

Snip.

Yes, and You too Wife, You are both loud enough, I am sure.

Wife.

Sirrah, Sirrah, and I'll be louder still, What have you no Manhood left? have not you Spirit enough to take Fire at the proclamation?

Snip.

You have Spirit enough Wife to take Fire at any Thing, You make a Proclamation in my Ears every Day of my Life. the Trumpets are a Fool to You.

Wife

You poor, mean, low minded Fellow! Can nothing rouse you? Is all my greatness of Soul thrown away upon you? Upon a Taylor?

Snip

I wish it had been thrown into the Sea, with all my Soul, before I had been honour'd with it.

Wife.

How villain! Do you wish me in the Sea?.

Snip.

Yes from my Soul do I: if wishing would do me any Good.

(6)  
{ Simon.  
Harlequin  
all the Children



Wife

Here's a wicked Wretch for you! Don't provoke me I say with your disobedience. Away with your Thread Lists and your Measures! Put on a Sword And bring me this Frenchman's Head on the point of it. and at once make me a Lady. and Yourself a Lord.

Snip.

Make you a Widow, and myself a Fool you mean I bring you his Head upon the point of a Sword. Bring you a Flea's Head upon the point of a Needle.

Wife.

Sirrah! Sirrah, don't provoke me, I say.

Snip.

You shall never provoke me to Fight Wife: ... When I can find a Heart to cut off Heads; Your Tongue must be a little Quicker than it is, I can assure you that.

Wife

Did you ever hear such a wicked Wretch. Such an Ungrateful Wretch? have I not refused the best Men, And the best Matches for your Sake. Had I not been bewitch'd by your person, and deluded by your Tongue, I might have held up my Head with the proudest She in the parish.



Snip

I have not held up mine. I'm sure, since you did me the favour, Heigh, ho!

Wife.

Don't stand sighing and Sniv'ling here; but rouse your Manhood. Clap a Sword by your side and March.

Snip.

Yes, I'll march up to my Shop-board, and finish the Work I'm about (x to PS). Here's my two Edged Sword (takes out his Sheers) No Taylor in Christendom can fight a Piece of Broad Cloth better than I can. I'll say that for myself.

Wife.

You say for yourself, you poor, mean, Beggarly, Cowardly Fellow you! Don't put me in a passion! I hate to be Quarrelsome: But you will force me to break thro' the meakness of my Spirit, and do something. I'll tell you what Joe; if you won't desert yourself for my sake, I'll no longer be virtuous for yours - I have my Revenge in my own Hands, and so fetch me this Outlandish Man's Head, or, take care of your own, I say - A word to the wise, take care of your own.

Snip.

(Exit O P.)

Aye, there she has me; She knows how Delicate I am about my Honour; And she always attacks  
me

me in that tender point. - I must do my best  
to please her - I must either make a Fool of  
myself, Or, she'll make something worse of me.

Devils we say, and justly too are Wives  
And all do know,  
As well as Joe,  
He needs must go  
The Devil drives.

Exit P.S.

Scene 3<sup>d</sup>

Barn to Change to Trees

And a Cave behind

Stump of a Tree to Change to Armour.

2. En. OP.

Harleg.<sup>n</sup> Discov<sup>d</sup> asleep before the Barn.

Enter Simon OP 1.<sup>st</sup> Ent.

Simon.

Ha! ha! ha! what a plague is the matter with  
all my Neighbours! the Murrain has seiz'd 'em  
I believe, they will have it, that there is some  
strange Creature got into the Parish, the Women  
are all agog to see it. the Children are frighted  
out of their wits. Our Parson shakes his Head  
and the Squire and his Dogs are all in high  
Hunt after it, His Worship, our Justice; and



Master Cramp the Lawyer, call'd to Me at  
the end of the Lane; Simon, Simon, said they  
What strange Creature is that in our Parish;  
And please your Worship says Me, I. I don't  
think we want Strange Creatures in our Parish  
And so I whistled away, and left it with them.  
But I can't see nothing, not I — If I do chance  
to light on 'em, I shall make bold to tickle 'em,  
a little with the Prongs of my Fork, Ha! ha! ha!  
(Going he sees Harlequin) So! So! so, talk of the  
Devil and heres one of his Imps; why sure this  
can't be a living Creature — Ecod but it is. . . .  
'Tis either Drunk, or asleep, or both, shall I take  
it dead or alive, has it nothing about it to do  
Mischief; I'll e'en put the Fork into it, and  
make all sure at once. (touches Harl: who tumbles)  
Ha! ha! ha! I have set 'em a Dancing already.  
Hollo!

Harleg:

Hollo! (Sits up and rubs his Eyes)

Simon

Who are you? Whence came you?

Harleg:

I am Nobody, and came from no where. (Rising)

Simon

Where are you going then?



Harleg:

To my own Parish. Your Pa. (going)

Simon.

Hold! hold Mr. Nobody, hold, hold a Bit. —  
As you came from no-where, and are going to  
the same Place, it can be no great damage to  
stop you a Little — (holds his Fork at him)

Harleg:

Pray don't hurt me, Merciful Sir! I am a very  
harmless Creature: I have been taking a Nap  
here, and am not quite awake.

Simon

Whence came you.

Harleg:

There! (looking up)

Simon.

There! what as far as I can see?

Harleg:

Farther. There!

Simon

Where.

Harleg:

There. (Strikes his Hand & catches the Fork.)

Simon

Give me my Fork.

Harleg:

Take it then. (Pointing it at him)

Simon.

Pray don't hurt me. merciful Sir! I am but a poor harmless Creature.

Harleg:

Ha! ha! ha! shall we be friends

Simon.

Why shall we? Eh?

Harleg:

Ouy.

Simon.

Ouy! Whats that?

Harleg:

Yes.

Simon

Well then, we; with all my Heart.

Harleg:

Done. (holds out his Hand)

Simon.

Done — (holds out his)

Harleg:

And done. (Strikes him with his Sword)

Simon

Is that the way you shew your Friendship

Harleg.

Friend Simon - take your Fork.

{ (7)  
Snip  
in armour }

Simon.

Will you give it me?

Harleg.

Here, take it. (Sinks it)

Simon.

Pray Friend, what's your Name.

Harleg.

Whirligig.

Simon.

Whirligig, and pray Friend Whirligig; What Profession are you of?

Harleg.

A Fly Catcher - I was formerly altogether among the Stars - I plied as a Ticket Porter in the Milky Way, and carried the How-dyes from one Planet to another; but finding that too fatiguing I got into the Service of the Rainbow, and now I wear his Livery, don't you think I Tib now Friend Simon?

Simon.

Yea, in troth do I - friend Whirligig, He! he! he!

Harleg.

I'll settle your faith in a moment: And shew you some of my little Family \* (Strikes the Barn)

\* EBell \*



It turns into a Cut Wood back'd by a Cave (46)

Several Children in Pantomime Characters come down  
and Dance at which Simon appears delighted.

Har: (End of Dance.)

Away! - away! - Vanish. — (Children Ex:† Severally)  
I'm pursued! They are at my Heels! O Friend Simon  
I'm undone, they'll roast me alive if they take me.  
Simon (Runs about)

And boil me perhaps for keeping you Company,  
What shall we do?

Harleg:

Courage Simon, I'll protect thee. (They get up into the Tree)  
Friend Simon, I'll shew you some Sport: Keep in your  
Head; the Enemy's at Hand. (8)

PS Enter Snip loaded w<sup>th</sup> Armour.

Mr. Bounce  
Gasconade.

Snip.

What a dismal thing it is to live in fear of ones Wife.  
here am I sent, a poor harmless Taylor. shaking  
and trembling to kill something, who would make  
no more of killing me, than I wou'd of stealing a  
Piece of Cloth; every Bush, and every blast of Wind  
is an Aque to me, as I came along, a Sheep did  
but clap his Nose, thro' a Hedge, and cry Baa, and  
I have been in a Sweat ever since. I borrow'd this  
Armour of a Friend of mine, formerly of the Train  
Bands

Bands; But he cou'd n't tell me how to put it on -  
I wish I could see any of my Neighbours to shew  
me home again, for I have almost frightened myself  
blind.

Harleg:

Neighbour Snip - Neighbour Snip.

Snip.

Oh! what's that? - I am a dead Man.

Harleg:

Be not in Panicks - I am your friend & Neighbour,  
Taffy.

Snip.

Where are you Neighbour; Taffy.

Harleg:

I am got into this Tree to hide myself from Harleguin  
He is just gone by with a Sword in his Hand as long,  
and as broad as a Scythe, and looks as Crabbed as  
if he had eaten sower Pippins.

Snip.

Pray Neighbour make room for me.

Harleg:

Here's but just Room for Neighbour Pog and I.

Snip.

What is he there, too.



17  
Harleg:

I don't know whether I am here, or no faith; for the Gentleman with his long Sword has frighten'd me out of my Senses, and Remembrances too Joy.

Snip.

What must I do then, pray tell me, for I am most sadly frighted.

Harleg:

Yes faith are you! I hear it very visibly! Go into that Cave there, and you'll be very safe; and may have very good Time to sleep yourself into your Senses again.

Snip

Thank you, I'll take your Advice, Pray Neighbour Taffy, tell me, when you go home, that I mayn't go alone.

Harleg:

Dat I will neighbour Snip.

Snip.

Thank you good Neighbour (going) Bless me!  
Oh! 'tis nothing. — Exit into the Cave.

Simon

What is he gone, Hark ye! Friend Whirligig — You ar'n't afraid of a Taylor?

Harleg:

Silence! here are more of 'em.



Look about, he must be here about.

Gascon.

Ne faites pas tant de Bruit; Don't a you make a noise  
and if we can Utrap him asleep, We will cut his  
Throat, and save ourselves de trouble of an Engagement.

Bounce.

3  
Blood you are not afraid, are you? (Softly)

Gascon.

Gascon. { (9)  
Non, non, I am only prudent. { Force Drunk

Bounce.

You don't like to kill your Countryman, then,

Gascon

I beg your pardon: I would kill any thing for my Interest.

Bounce

You remember the Bargain? We go Snacks in the Murder.

Gascon.

July, 'Ouy.' - Begar he shall cut off de Head himself.  
And I will smack a de money. Uh! Monsieur Bounce  
What is de Raison you one two knees knicky  
knocky together, come sa?

Bounce.

Oh! that proceeds from my Eagerness for Fighting—  
My Flesh quivers to be at him—Trembling is a sure  
Sign of Resolution.

Gascon.

Upon my word den, vous et moy, You and I have  
so much Resolution, as any two in all de world.

Bounce.

What can be the matter with me—If I should continue  
Sweating for a Day as I do now, I should be melted  
down to the Lathy consistency of Joe Snip the Taylor.

Harleg.

Aside

Who calls me?

Bounce.

Eh! What the Devil's that?

Gascon.

If you no like it, I vil go home avec, a vous,  
vid all mine heart.

Harleg.

Tis only I, Joseph Snip in the Tree here.

Gascon.

Vat you do dere, Eh?

Harleg.

Hush! Hush! Harlequin is hard by.

Both.

Where! Where?

Harleg.

In that Cave there: I believe he is asleep,

Bounce.

Will you go and wake him. and tell him I'm come  
to murder him.

Gascon.

Non, non; you had much better kill Him first, and  
there will be no occasion to Wake him at all.

Bounce.

We'll nap him sleeping.

Gascon.

De tout Mon Cœur. — Allons!

Bounce.

Lead the way.

Gascon.

Non, indeed; Sir

Bounce.

Go first I say!

Gascon

I am une Françoise & understand Civility,  
I wil not go first upon my Vard!

Bounce

We'll go together, give me your Hand (Exit into Cave)

Simon

Well, but friend Whirligig, You won't let 'em kill the  
poor Taylor

Harleg.



They'll cut off his Head only. But I'll give him a better.

Bounce & Gascon: (Hurra within)

Enter Forge Drunk PS

What the Devil do you make such a Noise for

Enter Bounce & Gasconade (from Top.)

Bounce.

'Tis done! 'tis done! this is the Arm, that gave the Blow.

(Gives the Head to Forge)

Gascon

Vat is you say? Parblieu! I say, and I swear dis vas de Bon Sword dat dit cut off de Head.

Bounce.

Right Frenchman, but this was the Sword that lay'd him low first.

Gascon.

Vous Mentez, You lie, you Villain, how cou'd you knock him down, ven I did Cut his Throat when he vas fast asleep?

Forge.

Upon my word you are two very pretty Fellows, You have kill'd a sleeping Taylor. and are quarreling about the glory of the Victory

Bounce.

A Taylor!

Gascon.

Eh! un Talleur!

Forge.

Really you are two very great Champions —  
You set out a couple of Lyon Hunters, and return  
a Couple of Sheepstealers.

Bounce.

Confusion choaks Me. (x to OP.)

Gascon.

Begar, I am very much afraid un Rope vil  
Choak a Me. (takes the Head)

Harleg.

Now Simon } Gets from the Tree } Observe the Virtue  
of this Shrub } and is chang'd to } Wheres my Head?  
Where's my Head? } the Taylor without a head

Bounce

Fire and Brimstone! the Devil! the Devil...

Harl:

(Exit Running OP)

Frenchman give me my Head — Frenchman give  
me my Head.

Gascon

Here, begar, take a your Head, vile I take a  
to my Heel. — (Exit running PS)

Forge.

What a Parcel of Cowardly Dogs, are my Neighbours  
As if they had never seen a Taylor without a  
Head before — Pray my good Friend, Joseph Snip,  
What are your Commands?



Harleg.

Take my Head home to my Wife; and bid her prosecute my Murderers.

Act

Forge.

If she won't I will. — But Neighbour, if they have really murder'd you, You had better appear yourself as an Evidence, and you'll certainly hang 'em.

Harleg.

They shall hear further from me.

Forge.

Well, I'll be your <sup>to</sup> Porter for once (takes the Head)  
Upon my word 'tis wondrous light — Damn me if I don't think he looks better without a Head than with — We see by this of what Consequence a Head is to a Taylor (going)

Harleg.

Bless you good Neighbour.

Forge.

Very well, Joe, I am satisfied, no more words; pray stay where you are: You know I hate Ceremony You have lost your Head; and may lose your way too — Pray stay where you are { Exit Forge P.S.

{ Harleg. goes to the side Scene

{ Slips his Dress & returns immediately }

Harl.

So they are disposed off.



Simon

What are you there friend Whirligig? I gad I thought I had lost you.

Harl:

Friend Simon - I'll step into the Cave, stitch the Taylor a new Head on, and then you shall go to Town with me; and see my Pranks there, Eh!

Simon. {Exit into the Cave.}

Simon

Indeed I will not Master Whirligig - I gad I have had enough of your Pranks here. - No more Devils. Dances for Simon, He must be old Nick himself for Sartain, and I am dealing with him. Heavens! bless me! the Thoughts of it puts me into a grievous taking: He talks of Heads as if they were so many Buttons, and cuts 'em off, and sews 'em on, as fast, - I'll e'en steal home while I have Legs to walk upon, and my Head upon my Shoulders but is it there? - Yes it is. - But I had best hold it for fear of the worst. Exit O.P.

Drop :: Bar Bell.

Act ends

# Act 2<sup>d</sup>

Scene Justices Room (2<sup>d</sup> Groove.)

Table 5 Chairs

The Bench of Justices all Discover'd.

{ 2. Constables.

1<sup>st</sup> Justice.

And now we have got him - this Harlequin - what must we do with him? What think you Brother Cramp

2 Justice.

Why for my part, M<sup>r</sup> Chairman, I think this Harlequin comes within the Statute description of Incorrigible Rogue - He's an Old Offender - and I think we have a Power to Transport Him.

1<sup>st</sup> Justice.

I don't know that - We must have a care of Informations above, Master Cramp, We can't be too wary, a burnt Child you know - Call in the Head Borough. Call in Joseph Arrow.

Clerk.

Joseph Arrow, come into Court.

3<sup>d</sup> Justice.

What think you, Brothers of setting our hands to his Pass - and having him whip'd from Constable to Constable

1<sup>st</sup> Justice.

But where must we pass him too, M<sup>r</sup> Justice Spindle



This Fellow is a Vagabond; 'tis true; but he is Son to No-body - Servant to No-body, - belongs to No-body. Comes from No-where, and is going no where. And we none of us, No, none of us, know nothing at all about him.

Enter Constable P.S

(3)  
{ Harlequin  
& Constables.

1<sup>st</sup> Justice

Well, M<sup>r</sup>. Constable, where is your Prisoner?

Constable.

He's without, and please your Worships - I wish we were well rid of him, for under favor - I don't think he's of this World - He is certainly something as I may say of the Magical Order about him.

1<sup>st</sup> Justice.

Ay, how so?

Constable.

Why theres Simon Clodby of Gander Green says as how this Black a Moor Man has Cut off a Taylors Head and sow'd it on again.

2<sup>d</sup> Justice.

Did you ever hear the like. Why He has cut off all your Heads I think.

Constable.

I think we are all in some danger; Aye and your Worship too. for I heard him say myself, that he cou'd cut off



all your Worships Heads, and no harm done neither.

1.<sup>st</sup> Justice.

He'll cut off our Heads will he? We'll lay him by the Heels first. Bring him before us. He'll cut off Our Heads Quotha - And now we have got him. —

Enter Harlequin & Constable. P.S.

1.<sup>st</sup> Justice.

Let us first examine the Prisoner; I hear, Sir, that you have been doing a great deal of Mischief about this Country. —

Harlequin.

Yes, a great deal.

1.<sup>st</sup> Justice.

Very well, he confesses it, Set that down Clerk, & I hear that you Cut off Peoples Heads —

Harleg.

Yes, to cure the Tooth Ach: Is your Worship troubled with it.

3.<sup>d</sup> Justice.

You impudent Vagabond. How dare you talk to the Court. Did you tell this honest Constable here, that you would Cut off our Heads.

Harleg.

Yes, and mend 'em for nothing.

3.<sup>d</sup> Justice.

Did you ever hear the like, let us send him to Prison directly - a little whipping will mend his manners.

All Justices.

Commit him! Commit him.

Harleg:

Mercy, mercy, dear, good, wise reverend, worshipful Old Gentlemen

All Justices.

No Mercy away with him, away with him. (4)

Harleg:

May then have at your Heads.

Dolly  
Mrs Ship.

Strikes the Table with his Sword { Loud Whistle

The Wigs all fly off. Harl: runs off. } & Wing Bell

and in their places were the Justices was Seated  
comes 4 Old Women. Soon an old Woman comes forward.

Song.

{ Curtain Bell }

Old Women we are

And as wise in the Chair

As fit for the Quorum as Men

We can scold on the Bench

Or Examine a Wench

And like them can be wrong now and then.

Chorus. - For search the World thro'



And you'll find nine in Ten  
Old Women can do — As much as Old Men.

2<sup>d</sup>

We can hear a sad case  
With a no meaning-face  
And tho' shallow yet seem to be dark  
Leave all to the Clerk  
For when matters grow dark  
Their Worships had better go sleep

Chorus be.

When our <sup>3<sup>d</sup></sup> Wisdom is task'd  
And hard questions are ask'd  
We'll answer them best with a Shove  
We can mump a Tid bit  
And can Joke without Wit  
And what can their Worships do more.

Chorus & Eccl. OP.

Cur. Bell. } Wainscot Chamb<sup>r</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> Groove.

Enter Dame Snip & Dolly crying PS

M<sup>rs</sup> Snip.

What do you cry for Dolly, my Daughter, and want  
a proper Spirit, I am asham'd of your principles  
Dolly — What do you cry for, Child.

Dolly.

I can't help it Mama — I am asham'd to see my Papa,



So Blood Thirsty, and look so like a Madman.  
As he did, with his Breast Pan and Head Pan, and  
a long Sword to kill that dear Sweet Charmingest of  
all Creatures - Harlequin.

M<sup>rs</sup> Snip

How dare you be so wicked to say this of a Creature  
that your Papa is gone to Murder - Have you no Delicacy  
You disobedient Slut you, My dear Joe, is coming home  
in Triumph to us. He has done the Business before  
this. -

Dolly.

But he han't, nor won't, nor shan't, nor can't -  
that I am sure of, and I hope he never will.

M<sup>rs</sup> Snip.

Whats that you mutter, Madam. ~~shan't we live in this  
fine House here; won't your Papa, comprehend Harlequin.~~

Dolly.

(5)

How can he, Mama, Nobody can <sup>Abraham</sup> comprehend him,  
He's too nimble for 'em, that's my Comfort - they hunted  
him last week all about the Town, and he turn himself  
into Ten thousand Shapes, first he shrunk himself into  
a Dwarf. then He stretch'd himself into a Giant, then  
He was a Beau, then a Monkey, then a Peacock;  
then a Wheelbarrow, and then he made himself an  
Ostridge; and he walk'd about so stately & look'd so  
Grand, and when I went up to him. He clapt his Wings  
(Mimic's the Ostrich)

So, that my very Heart leapt within me.

Mrs Scrip.

More shame for you Dolly - So hold your Tongue  
Dolly.

Can't hold my Tongue, Wiser folks than you and I  
Mama, püre him more than your Tragedies, or your  
Comedies, Aye, or your Singing either; Cousin Chitterlin  
and I doat on him; where do you think he was  
Mama, when he was lost for three Days? You'd neer  
gues - I hid him in my Bed Chamber

Mrs Scrip.

In your Bed Chamber.

Dolly.

Yes, I did, and I'd hide him there again, and again  
and again, sure I'm old enough to know what's best  
for me. Lord what a Creature; He was Here & There  
and every where. Now He was out of the Window  
then a top of the House, then down in the Street, Then  
He run up the Leaden Spout; Then he jump't behind  
the Glass - then over the Table and Chairs - then He  
Run under the Bed, & over the Bed, & in the Bed,  
and there was such a Bustle, and I was in such  
a flutter, and at last, when He had play'd all his  
tricks over and over again; He whip'd across  
our Jenny's Broom: Gave me a hearty Kiss, Whisk



Whisk's up the Chimney and flew into the Cuntry where he has been ever since.

M<sup>rs</sup> Snip.

I am shock'd at your Impudence - You'll break my Heart Dolly - You're a Jack-bite Hussey.

Dolly.

A Jack-bite am I - Oh, Law!

M<sup>rs</sup> Snip.

You are a Rebel, Madam, - You hide Rebels, and whoever hides Rebels is a Jackbite, all the world Over - Read the Newspapers.

Dolly.

Bless me, I tremble every Joint of me.

M<sup>rs</sup> Snip.

And well you may Dolly - for if your Papa can kill Harlequin, we shall not only be rich Child, but Qualitify'd.

Dolly.

Ay, indeed, Qualitify'd - Shew me that and I'll send him packing, I'll warrant you

M<sup>rs</sup> Snip.

Your Papa, will be a Barrow-Knight, a Lord at least, and they'll call me my Ladyship, and you'll be



Lady Doll Snip all the World over

Dolly.

Shall I. I'd cut off his Head myself if I had him here.

Mrs Snip.

My dear Sweet Child - how you are your Mothers own Daughter - How I love your Spirit. You have it all from my Family - You have nothing sneaking about you, like your Father

Dolly.

Pray should I let our Abraham Court me, and stop me about any more till I hear farther from my Papa

Mrs Snip.

You may easily pick a Quarrel with him.

Dolly.

I'll frump him the next time he speaks to me (x to PS) I can't bear to think of a Taylor now, if I were to chuse for myself I should like a Captain.

Mrs Snip.

A Captain!

Dolly.

Yes, a Captain; they look so bold, and are so bold, and are so grand - and when they march up to one - So - they look as if they would eat a Body,

It frightens one a little. But it does ones heart  
good to see 'em. I will have a Captain Mama.

Mrs Snip.

So thou shalt, I love a Soldier too; Every body  
Loves 'em; they have done so much, & deserve  
so much, that they may do what they will with us.

Dolly.

Let 'em do their worst, I defy 'em; But here comes  
Abram. I can't bear the sight of him.

Enter Abram, P.D.

Mistress. Master Forge, below wants to speak with  
you; He has news of my Master, but won't tell  
it to nobody but yourself

Mrs Snip

Where is he, Abram, 'tis all over Daughter; We are  
made forever: - I'll go to him.

Exit Mrs Snip P.S.

Abram.

Miss Dolly, - Miss Dolly - shall we fetch a Walk  
together this fine Evening.

Dolly.

Fetch a Walk, no, I won't fetch a walk; I beg  
Abraham, that you'll keep to your Shop; and not  
talk so familiarly to me. - Fetch a Walk -



I don't think ever to walk again.

Abram.

Heigh to Pass, Whats the matter now, Miss Dolly.  
You ben't false hearted like the great Ladies boys.

Dolly.

But I be though; don't talk to me - Go and mind  
Your Business.

Abram.

Heres for you indeed, You told me another Story  
Last Saturday night, when I was kissing & Tying  
with you in my Masters Hell above Stairs. But  
those happy Hours are past, They are gone to be sure.  
And so if you are chang'd, why I am chang'd. —  
Your Servant— Your Servant— Your Servant,  
Miss Dolly. — Exit P.S. Act

Dolly.

I have begun pretty well with him. I'll quite turn  
him off the next time. Not but I'll do him some  
kindness. Perhaps I may make him one of my Footmen  
He's genteel, and, I shall like to have him about  
me — O Law, if I should be Lady Doll Snip, the  
first thing I do, I'll be half Lame, & half Blind.  
like Lady Tetteridge, and I'll have a long train  
Draggling after me, which when I want to be  
Smart



Smart I shall tuck under my Arm thus, and jig it away, my Teeth shall be white as Ivory, & my Cheeks as Red as a Cherry, I'm not an Ugly Girl. I know that - I won't be stuff'd up twice or thrice a Year at Holiday Time at the Top of the Play house, Among Folks that laugh and cry, just as they feel, Then I'll carry my Head as high, and have as High a Head as the best of 'em, and it shall be all set out with Curls - It shall be too high to go in at any Door, without Stooping, and so broad that I must always go in Sideways; Then I shall keep a Chair with a Cupola o' top to hold my Feather Head in, and I shall be carried in it by Day, and by Night, Dingle, Dangle, Bobbing and Nodding, all the way I go. Then I shall sit in the side Boxes, among my equals, Laugh, talk loud - mind nothing - Stare at the low People in the Galleries, without ever looking at them - Thus. - Then they'll hate me as much as I shall my old Acquaintance - What a Life shall I lead, when I'm a fine Lady, I'll be as fine as any of 'em, and will be turn'd quite topsy turvy as well as the best of 'em. — Exit —

Act Ends.

Drop.

Abram Dresses

*Drop Act*  
Act 3<sup>d</sup> Scene continues.

Enter Dolly Snip OP

Was there ever any thing so unlucky. I was this Morning out of my Senses, and thought my Father a great Man, and myself a fine Lady - and now my Dreams out - My Father has lost his Head; My Mother is breaking her Heart, and what is worse than all, I must work for my Living - it is a sad Thing, a terrible thing to be oblig'd to work when one has set ones mind upon lying a Bed and thinking of nothing, then there's Abram too. I wish I had not turn'd him of - I must not let him go, I know he can't help loving me - and he knows his Interest - So I will e'en marry him; - Make my Mother give up the Shop to him - Allow her a trifle to maintain her, and take the Business into my own Hands - I can't (3) think of any thing better at present. Abram

Enter Sukey Chitterlin. P.S.

Sukey

Cousin Dolly! - Cousin Dolly - Cousin Dolly.

Dolly.

Lord what a Noise you make; always Roaring and Romping.

Sukey.



Why would not you have me merry & in Spirits.  
Dolly.

I wou'd not have you so boisterous, Ma'am.  
Sukey.

I am sorry to see you so fumpish, Miss Dolly.  
I came for a little advice; Your Abram, since  
you turn'd him off, has made proposals to me —  
Now as we have always open'd our Hearts to  
each other Cousin, and you are my most intimate  
Friend — I want to know if you think it a good  
Match for me, He's a handsome Man to be sure  
tho' he's a little of the Rakish Cast — I don't like  
him the worse for it — I have a Turn for high  
Fun myself — Eh, Cousin.

Dol.

Then you'll be both ruin'd — You are too Young a  
little, waiting will do you no harm.

Sukey.

Egad I don't know that Cousin — I'm sure it will  
do me no good — If He don't think me too Young  
I'm sure I won't, I may wait longer, and fare  
worse, mayn't I Cousin.

Dolly.

But such Things should not be done in a hurry  
Cousin.

Sukey.

One may do worse things in a hurry Cousin, and so if you have no better Advice to give, I'll e'en follow my own.

Dolly.

You are grown very glib of your Tongue Miss.

Sukey.

You left it off Miss, and I took it up - I make a shift with your leavings - Abram, among the rest I'm not proud and fantastical Miss.

Dolly.

You are very impertinent Miss, and deserve to have your Ears box'd.

Sukey.

The sooner the better, for my fingers hate to be idle

Dolly.

Get out of the Room, you saucy flirt you.

Sukey.

You fancy yourself a Lady in good earnest. . . .  
But pride will have a fall. I know you hate me.  
And I know the Reason of it, I happen to be  
handsomer than Somebody, and have as much money  
as Somebody, and I was Toasted last Friday Night  
at



At the Spouting Club, before Somebody - And all this gives pain to Somebody, who from thinking herself a Lady forsooth - is become No-body, and so my Lady Doll, Somebody - No-body - Your humble Servant - but here comes your Abram. My Abram, I mean - Lord, he's a fine Man, and looks so Rakish; and so Amorous - Oh! 'tis a Charming bewitching Fellow.

Enter Abram. Dress'd. PS

Abram.

Come, Miss Sukey, will you fetch a walk with me. I did not know your Ladyship was here; or I should not have Intruded - Come Miss Sukey. (going)

Sukey.

There's Wit, and a fleer for you - Oh! he's a charming Fellow, and a perfect Satyr.

Dolly.

Mr. Abram, May I have the favour of speaking a word to you.

Abram.

With me, my Lady, - no my Lady - I know my Distance, which you have taught me my Lady - Keep to your Shop Abraham & don't talk so

familiarly to me - Fetch a Walk! I don't think  
 ever to Walk again - I'll keep my distance my Lady  
 Come Miss Chitterlin - I know my distance my  
 Lady.

(4)

Sukey.{ Bounce  
Gasconade  
in Chains

What a Satyr he is; I'm glad I've got Him.

Dolly.

Pray let me speak with you Cousin.

Sukey.

Oh not for the World my Lady.

Both.

(5)

Ha! ha! ha!

{ Hoaler  
bunch of keysDolly.

Why then I must tell you Sukey Chitterlin, that you  
 are a treacherous, base Girl, to take my Sweetheart  
 from me.

Abram.

That's Me. - I knew she'd repent it. (Struts)

Sukey.

And I must tell you, Miss Madam, My Lady Dol,  
 Snip, that you falsify yourself to say so - You bid  
 me take him so you did, and I have taken him.  
 And I'll keep him too - Shan't I Abram.

Abram.



That you shall, Body, and Soul of me, { (b)  
 Miss Sukey, and no bad bargain neither { Harlequin.  
 { Wine &c  
 { Ready

Dolly.

Go, you poor, pitiful, low minded—

Abram (x to Centre & back.)

As good a Man as your Father, Miss, aye and  
 better too; for I've got my Head upon my Shoulders,  
Dolly. (Struts)

Yes, yes, you have a Head, and it will be finely  
 furnish'd shortly.

Sukey

And so it shall, Madam, - He shall want for nothing  
 that I can help him to.

Abram.

I shall want nothing that she can help me too (Struts)  
 Come Wife, that is to be; don't let us lose time with  
 a Mad Lady, Your Servant my Lady Doll, ha! ha! ha!

Sukey.

Your Ladyships most obedient.

Both.

Ha! ha! ha!

Abram.

I knew she'd repent at last. (P.S.  
 (Struts out with Sukey).)

Dolly.

I am mad indeed, I cou'd tear both their Eyes out,  
A low bred, foolish Girl in my Situation wou'd run  
distracted — But I don't mind it no more than a pins  
point not I, I despise and laugh at it, He, he, he,  
I can't bear it neither — I must go and cry a little to  
Recover myself. Exit O.P.

B.B.W Scene a Prison. Table to Change &  
Bounce & Gasconade Discover'd Sink

Bounce.

Is not this a most lamentable Situation, for a Man of my  
Soul and Ambition, I who have thinn'd Nations, —  
Mow'd down Armies, to be hang'd at last for killing  
a Taylor; It is not Death, 'tis the disgrace, the dishonor  
is all my concern.

Gasconade.

En Verite inteed that no concerns me at all. If they  
will give me my Life, I will put my disgrace in my  
Pocket.

Bounce.

Is there no way to get out of this damn'd hole. I had  
Always a good Hand at getting into Prisons, I wish  
I knew as well how to get out of One — Egad I have it



44  
My dear Friend, You shall help me up to that Window there, and then I can easily make my Escape over the Top of the next House.

Gascon.

(7)  
Mr. Ship

Eh bien, my dear Friend, and vat must I do den, Eh!

Bounce.

Faith thats true, why you shall stay here, and let em know that I am gone; but that I will certainly come again when they want me.

Gascon.

(8)  
{ Mr. Ship  
  Turnkey.

I very much tank you for dat, Mons<sup>r</sup>. Bounce, Non, non, If I must be hang'd, mon amie; I love that my dear friend should keep a me Compagnie.

Enter Tailor P.S. (Bunch of Keys)

Well Gentlemen. I bring you Good News, Good news.

Bounce.

What a Reprieve.

Gascon.

Vat a Reprieve

Tailor.

A Reprieve, no, no, You'll certainly be hang'd, and to-morrow too, but the good News I have brought you is, that your friends have got Permission for a Fryar to attend you, and here behold your Father & Comforter

P.S. Enter Harleg. (like a Fryar)

Harleg.

Peace be with the Afflicted. Taisor a Chair & a Bottle,  
Of Sack. The Body requires Rest & Refreshment.  
As you are under Misfortunes, what, (Ex.<sup>t</sup> Taisor P.S.)  
I am going to say shall be utter'd with the utmost  
gentleness, & Humanity, you are without doubt gentle.  
I speak it from my Soul, a couple of horrid Rascals.

Gascon.

That is very gentle indeed

Bounce.

And very true. (Aside)

Enter Taisor with Wine P.S.

Harleg.

Gentlemen to your Speedy Execution.

Gascon.

Je vous remercie, He's very complaisant indeed!

Harleg.

Another to your Repentance, and then to Business

Gascon.

Begar you vas sent here to give us Consolation, and  
you take all de Consolation yourself.

Harleg.

Son I shall give you spiritual Consolation, but in  
the first Place, I must Examine the Sullen Sinner, Of  
what Religion are you?



Bounce.

None.

Harleg.

Of what Religion are you.

Gascon.

Whatever you please. *Some was in the shop.*

Harleg.

'Tis really a pity you shou'd suffer, for you have been both exceedingly well Educated — will you confess any thing?

Bounce.

No.

Harleg.

Will you confess, Sir?

Gasco.

I do confess, and profess, too Sir; that I have no great desire to be hang'd.

Enter Mrs Snip P. S. D.

Mrs Snip.

Let me come! Let me come; and let me indulge myself, with the sight of poor Joes, Murderers — Oh! You base, base Villains to deprive so civil and peaceable a Woman as I am, of as good a Husband and as good a Workman — I can't bear the thoughts of it — Let me come at 'em. — Let me come at 'em.

If I were in a passion now, I could tear their  
 Execrations Eyes out — Well, poor Joe, thou wert a  
 little too Domineering and Robustious sometimes,  
 But my quiet Temper soon appeas'd thee; Thy Passion  
 was soon over — I shall never get such another for  
 my purpose. (Enter Snip PS) A Ghost!  
 A Ghost — I shall die — I shall die. —

Bounce.

No Ghost! no Ghost! — I shall live! I shall live!  
 'Tis He himself.

Gascon.

Ah! je vive aussi, I am alive too.

Bounce.

Off with my Chains — I'll swear to his Face.

Gascon.

Ouy, I'll swear to his Face, for I did Cut off his Head.

Jailer

Where have you been Joe?

Snip

I have been Murder'd Neighbour Padlock.

Mrs Snip.

And are you really Flesh and Blood. Let me feel  
 You — Come nearer — Don't touch me, if you are not  
 a Man — He's Warm — Kiss me, — Kiss me again.



'Tis my Joe, I know 'tis he.—I am glad to see you again; but I am sorry you came back so soon too had you but stay'd a day longer, these two would have been hang'd for murdering of you.

Tailor

But since things have happen'd otherwise,  
I'll e'en release my Prisoners. Stakes of their Chains  
Gascon. and throws 'em of P.S.

De tout Mon Cœur.

Bounce.

Hurra!

x Turnkey (within) x Prompter.

Lock up all the Doors, — Bar up all the Windows —  
Keep a good look out the back way.

Tailor.

Whats the matter, Turnkey?

Turnkey - (Prompter) -

Look about ye, Harlequins in the Prison.

Tailor

The Devil he is, that would be a prize indeed.

Bounce.

Now Monsieur! Now's our Time.

Gascon.

Pardonnez moi, — I vil burn my Finger no more.

Harl.

Give me some Sack Oh, I shall faint - I shall faint  
Harlequins in the Prison

M<sup>rs</sup> Ship.

Poor Soul! Poor Soul!

Ship.

May I never handle Needle again, if this is not the  
Blackamoor Gentleman, that sow'd my Head on.

All.

'Tis Harlequin! 'Tis Harlequin himself.

Tailor.

Now for it Boys, the Prize is our own! (They advance to seize him)

Tr Bell to change Table = To the Devil

Trap Bell to Sink Table.

Gascon.

Wat is all Dis, I am fright out of my Wits!

M<sup>rs</sup> Ship.

Mercy on us, they are raising the Devil here!

Bounce.

Oh! Oh! Oh! (Music in the Orchestra)

Trap Bell = Border Bell = Wing Bell.

Prison Returns



Snip.

We are all bewitch'd! I shall certainly lose my Head again?

Taylor.

Why I am in my own Jail again

Bounce.

And I'll get out of it, as fast as I can

Turnkey (without)

Bring him along - Bring him along.

Bounce.

What have we got here? My Father and Confessor.

Harlequin brought on by Mercury Pd.

Gascon.

Oh! Monsieur Consolation, are you caught, with all your Tricks, You dam black Dog.

Mercury.

Come, come, strip Hypocrisy lin'd with Folly.

Draws off the Fryars Gown-Harleq: tries to escape.

Not so fast Monsieur Harlequin, I have Heels shall Match Yours. - Run - fly - Swim - Leap - I am after you and if you are for fighting, I have a Weapon here Ecce Signum. (Shewing his Caduceus)

Gascon.

There is Consolation for You - Mon bon Pere.

Mercury.

In a true Glass I'll set to View  
Your Fate and that of all your Crew.

Hence you Profane without delay.

This Scene is not for You - Away.

Exeunt Snip. M<sup>rs</sup> Snip - Gasconade, Bounce & Tailor OP

Mercury waves his Caduceus. (Music in Orchestra)

T Bell. Border Bell. Wing Bell.

Prison Sinks

The Second Transparency appear Representing the Powers of Pantomime going to Attack Mount Parnassus.

A Storm comes on destroys the Fleet. (When the Ship Splits)  
In L.B. } Whistle }

Rock Flat. Shuts up Transparency.

Mercury.

Hear Earthly Proteus, hear great Jove's decree

His Thunder sleeps, and thus he speaks by me

Descend to Earth be Sportive as before

Wait on the Muses Train, like Fools of Yore

Beware encroachments and invade no more.

Harl: Stands on Front Trap OP

Mercury waves his Caduceus.

T Bell. Wing Bell Border Bell.

Temple of the Gods

Mercury.

Now let immortal Shakespear rise

Ye Sons of Taste Adore him

As from the Sun each Vapour flies



Let Folly Sink before him (Wave Caduceus)

Trap Bell  
Shakespear Rises: Harlequin Sinks  
Song

Thrice happy th' Nation that Shakespear has charm'd  
More happy the Bosom his Genius has warm'd  
Ye Children, of Nature, of Fashion, and Whim  
He painted you all, all Join to praise him  
Come away, come away, come away.  
His Genius calls and you must obey.

---

At the Chorus many of Shakespears Characters Enter.  
P.S & O.P Also the three Graces. who Dance.  
to the Repeat. (2<sup>d</sup>)

To praise him ye Fairies and Genii Repair  
He knew where you haunted in Earth, or in Air  
No Phantom so subtle could glide from his View  
The Wings of his Fancy were swifter than You.  
Come away, Come away.  
His Genius Calls and you must obey.

---

At the Chorus several Fairies & Genii Enter.  
The Fairies Dance to the Repeat.

Ye Britons may Fancy ne'er lead you astray  
Nor e'er through your Senses your Reason betray  
By your Love to the Bard may your Wisdom be known  
Nor injure his Fame to the loss of your own  
Come away      Come away.  
His Genius calls and we must away.

---

During the 3<sup>d</sup> Verse the Figure Dancers Enter.  
when over, the Grand Dance is Executed  
while the Chorus is Sung & Repeated.

---

Ring — Curtain

Finis





than half guano, or half calf.  
The eggs are dirty, and I they should be heightened.

The marques, however, are very narrow, & irregular.  
Cut is little as possible.

Prevent the fly-leaves, as they are the best that  
you can use.





















